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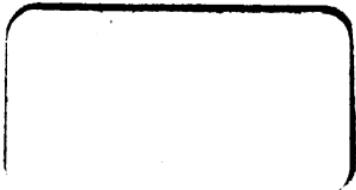


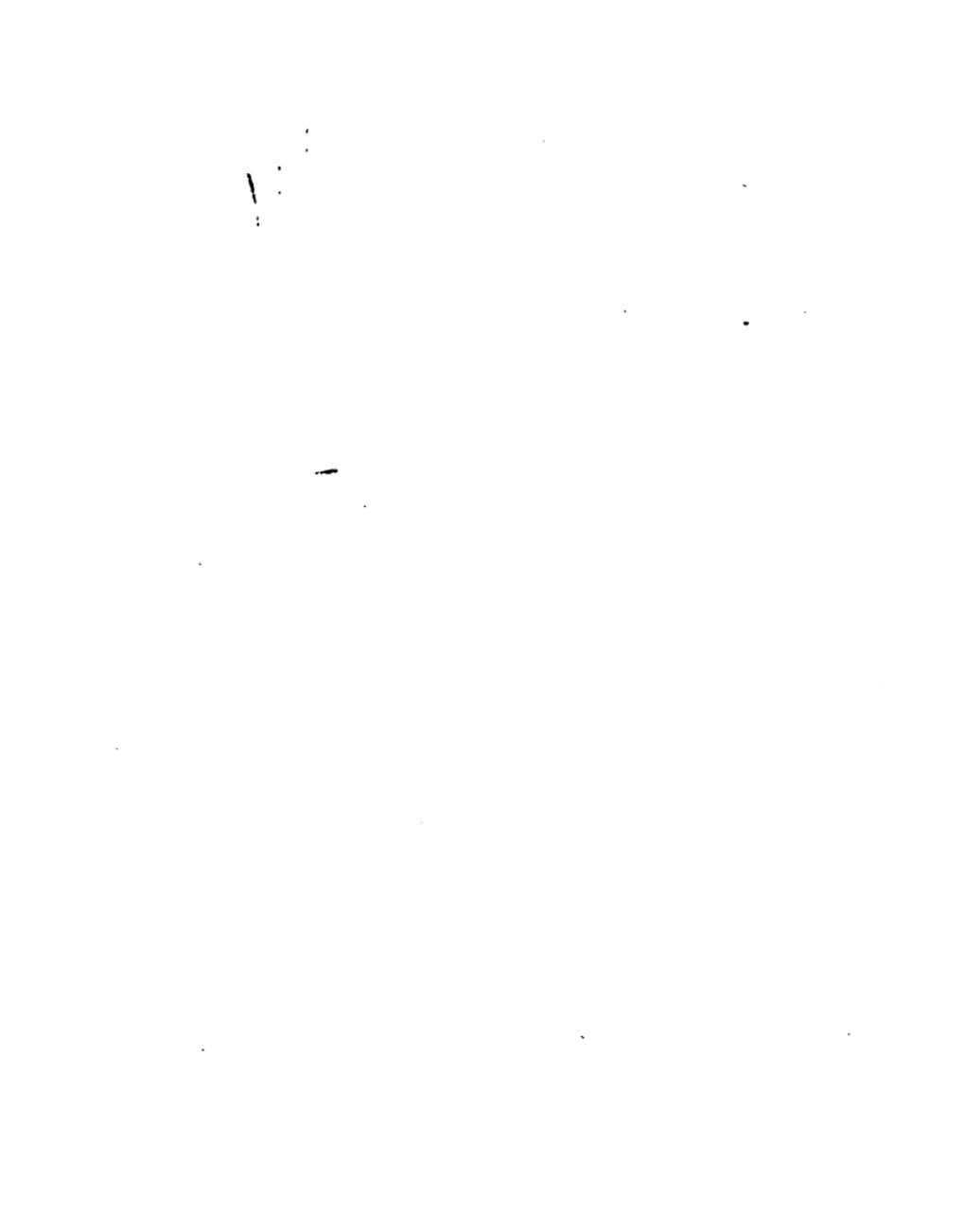
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# The Voice of April-Land



YCL58942







**The Voice of April-Land**

**And Other Poems**



# The Voice of April-Land

## And Other Poems

BY

ELLA HIGGINSON

AUTHOR OF "FROM THE LAND OF THE SNOW PEARLS," "WHEN  
THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN," "MARIELLA OF OUT-  
WEST," "A FOREST ORCHID," ETC.

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

1903

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Set up, electrotyped, and published November, 1903.

Norwood Press  
J. B. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.  
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

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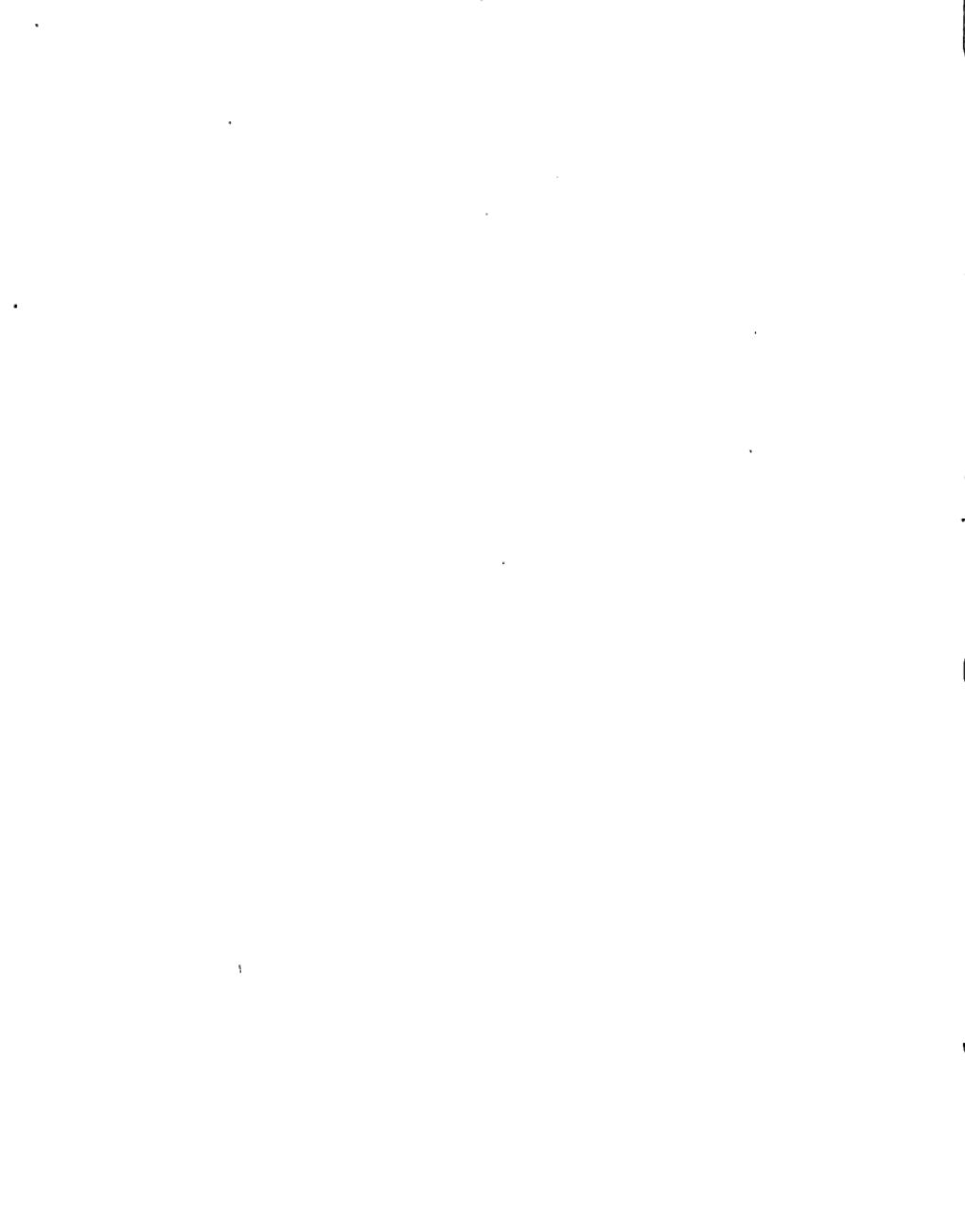
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To  
**The Pioneers of the West**

Would God that we, their children, were as they !  
Great-souled, brave-hearted, and of dauntless will ;  
Ready to dare, responsive to the still,  
Compelling voice that called them night and day  
From this far West where sleeping Greatness lay  
Biding her time. Would God we knew the thrill  
That exquisitely tormented them, until  
They stood up strong and resolute to obey.

God, make us like them, worthy of them ; shake  
Our souls with great desires ; our dull eyes set  
On some high star whose splendid light will wake  
Us from our dreams, and guide us from this sea  
Of selfish ease won by our fathers' sweat.  
Oh, lift us up — the West has need of Men !

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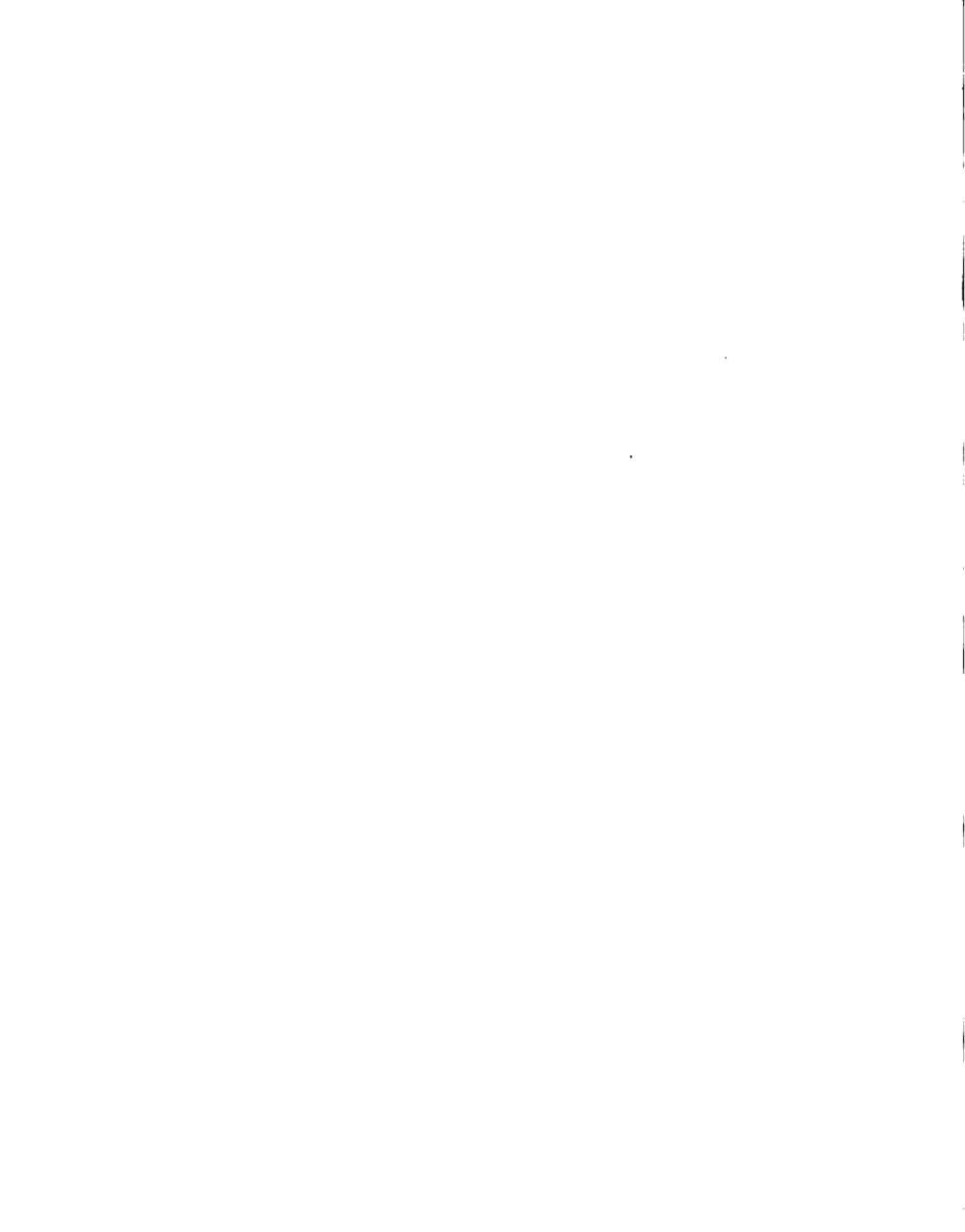
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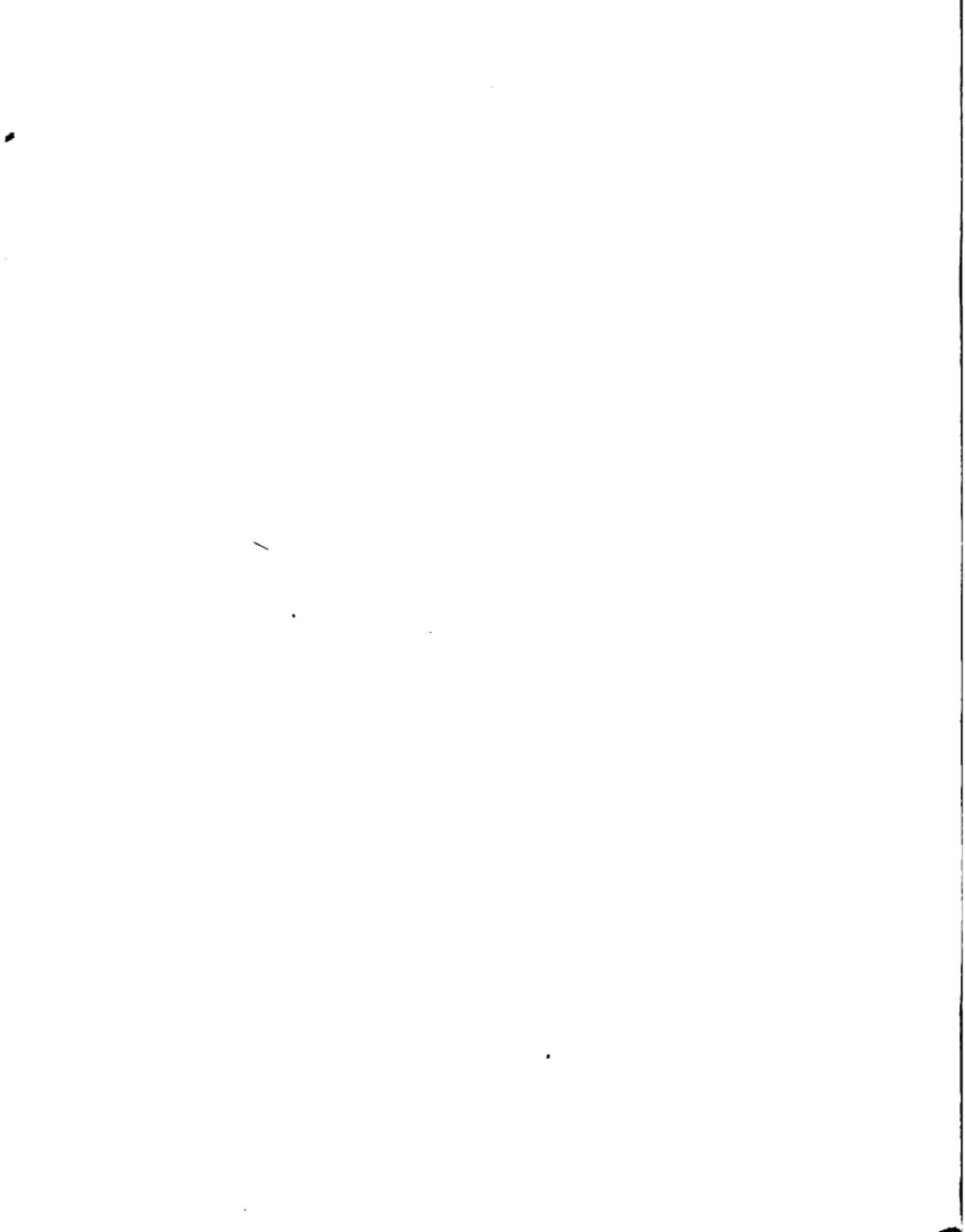
**The Voice of April-Land  
And Other Poems**



## *THE VOICE OF APRIL-LAND*

*A voice came up thro' the April-land  
And spake a word of the sea ;  
Straight leaped the sap in the alder's veins,  
Star-flowers blew in the lea ;  
The lark's throat ached with his passion-song —  
My heart with the love of thee.*

*A voice came up thro' the April-land  
And spake a word of the sea ;  
The humming-bird yearned for the eglantine,  
For the clover yearned the bee ;  
The wind for the wet lips of the rain —  
My heart for the heart of thee.*



## HOUSE-OF-THE-STARS

**W**HEN I come up the hill at night  
And see my home far, high, aloof,  
All Heaven's stars seem glittering  
Upon its storm-worn roof.

They outline all the gables steep  
Above the square, unlighted panes,  
And all along the eaves they hang  
In bright and sparkling chains.

Dear house, thine ugliness by day  
Is turned to beauty overnight,  
And all thy dark, unlovely lines  
Flash into lines of light.

Yea, all about thee, silently,  
When dusk lets down her purple bars,  
The very winds that sweep the hill  
Shake loose the silver stars.

Far do I wander from thy peace,  
Far from thy simple, sweet content;  
Often in idleness and wrong  
My empty days are spent.

Yet nightly up the lonely hill,  
Above the town, above the sea,  
I climb with lifted eyes to find  
The stars that shine for me.

So, though I wander late and far,  
When Death lets down the purple bars,  
Dear God, wilt thou not let me in  
Thine own House-of-the-Stars?

## THE CHINOOK WIND



COME, soft Chinook, and lift thy glowing  
face

Above the line of yonder fir-crowned hill;  
Free ice-bound meadows, loose the frozen  
rill,

With thy warm breath and magic touch of grace.

Oh, dear Chinook, send one long, laughing glance  
Across this glittering stretch of sudden snow;  
Set grasses greening and the rose ablow,  
Stir purple violets from their fragrant trance.

Set April's skies in mid-December's world,  
Shake April's laughter, every pulse to thrill,  
Wake silver bird-notes on yon silent hill,  
Let this dull sea with sun-flakes be impearled.

## THE CHINOOK WIND

Come like a maiden, innocent and fair,  
Who lightly with her delicate finger-tips  
Flings tender kisses from her parted lips —  
Kisses that bloom to roses everywhere.

Come, soft Chinook — for gentle pity's sake ;  
Set young hearts beating, young hearts all aglow,  
Kiss from old veins the frost and ice and snow, —  
And like a silver bugle cry — “ Awake ! ”

## THE MOTHER PRAYS



O H, Mary, Mary, Mother Mary,  
The night is dark and long,  
The rain beats drearily on the roof,  
The wind is wild and strong;  
To-night I pray only to thee —  
Tell me, if this be wrong.

Oh, tender, pitying Virgin Mary,  
Thou hast the mother-heart ;  
Thou knowest how tears wrought of blood  
Up from my torn breast start  
At the mere thought that Death should seek  
To bear this child apart.

Oh, Mary, Mary, Mother Mary,  
The hours are long and slow ;

## THE MOTHER PRAYS

Help me to bear them as I kneel  
Where she lies still and low,  
The only little child I have —  
I cannot let her go !

Oh, gentle, patient Virgin Mary,  
To thy kind heart I plead  
For her, so little and so sweet !  
Thou know'st the mother-need —  
*Tell God*; and for this one dear life  
(For Christ's sake) intercede !

Mother, — the prayer dies on my lips  
Shaken with agony ;  
Thou of the tortured mother-heart, —  
I leave it all with thee !  
Plead thou with God this awful night  
To spare this child to me.

## THE LITTLE GIRL OF VIOLET-LAND



H, tell me where is the little girl  
With the wind-blown hair and the fragile  
hand,  
Who once in the beautiful days ago  
Dwelt with God in Violet-Land ?

She talked with Him in her childish speech,  
She walked with Him, and He held her hand ;  
One might have known by her lifted eyes  
That she dwelt with God in Violet-Land.

But oh, for the word of the baby lips,  
And oh, for the touch of the baby hand !  
And oh, for the throb of the raptured heart  
Of the little girl in Violet-Land !

I stand and look thro' the distance far,  
My eyes grow dim beneath my hand,  
For I seek and call, but I never find,  
The little girl of Violet-Land.

## THEN AND NOW



THOUGHT I did not care—till you  
were gone,  
And I heard the wind grieving thro' the  
leaves,  
To the plaintive rhythm of the midnight rain  
As it dripped, dripped, dripped, from the time-worn  
eaves.

The while I danced with tireless feet, and light,  
You held no place within my care-free mind ;  
Nor when, upon my dappled mare, I raced,  
Undaunted and triumphant, with the wind.

For then my very soul was full of life  
That pulsed and throbbed and raced my being  
through,  
And I was all-sufficient to myself —  
Ah, then, I gave no lightest thought to you !

But when I crossed a field one winter's day  
And heard a slender brook go singing by ;  
When a pale crocus opened by the way,  
A swift sweet memory moved my heart to sigh.

And when I hear the restless, wind-vex'd leaves  
Grieve to the rhythm of the midnight rain,  
Thro' all my being thrills the vain desire  
To feel your warm, heart-shaken touch again.

## “FARE-THEE-WELL”

HE never said “good-by,” but “fare-thee-well”—

“It is a sweeter word,” she said;  
We thought of it with tears that bitter day  
She lay before us dead.

The eyelids fell and shut the love-light in,  
So constant thro’ all gladness and all tears,  
And though we spake so low, it seemed as if  
She smiled, as one that hears.

The lashes drew a curving shadow on  
The frozen languor of her cheek;  
And still we listened, for it seemed as if  
The tender lips must speak.

Yea, though she wore upon her quiet brow  
The pale bloom of the asphodel,  
It seemed as if her sweet, sweet lips must part  
And murmur “fare-thee-well.”

## LOVE'S TREMBLING-CUP



INTO a woman Love one day  
Came jauntily and said :  
“ Thou art of haughty mien, but I  
Can lower thy proud head.”

But smiled the woman scornfully :  
“ I challenge ; do thy worst !  
I'll drink thy bitterest dreg, and cry  
‘ I drank thy nectar first ! ’ ”

Then to her lips Love held a cup,  
And joy more keen than pain  
Leaped up her pulses to her heart ;  
She drank — and drank again.

“ Drink deep,” Love said, half-pityingly ;  
“ Poor foolish one, drink deep ;  
Then to thy couch — a night comes on  
When thou wilt pray for sleep.”

## LOVE'S TREMBLING-CUP

For one year and a day she knew  
The rapture of the blest—  
Such ecstasy as Mary thrilled  
When Christ slept on her breast.

Then came Love to her jauntily,  
And looked into her eyes ;  
“ I have another cup for thee ;  
The hour has come — arise ! ”

But smiled the woman scornfully :  
“ It is the cup of pain ;  
I drank thy nectar first — and now ” —  
She proudly drank again.

“ I like thy spirit well,” Love said ;  
“ Come, keep thy courage up.”  
He held before her dauntless eyes  
Still yet another cup,

And lightly dropped the broken pearl  
Of broken faith ; it sank

And melted in the amber dregs ;  
With pallid lips she drank.

The look of death grew in her eyes,  
She did not shrink or speak,  
But up the gray of ashes came  
And covered brow and cheek.

“ Now drink,” quoth Love, “ my bitterest cup,  
The cup of jealousy ;  
But first look in its ruby depths,  
And speak. What dost thou see ? ”

*She saw another woman's breast  
Pillow his head ; and there  
Those sweeter, younger, lingering lips  
Pressed kisses on his hair.*

The cup shook on her teeth ; she drank,  
And bowed her head, and cried :  
“ Love, ere I drank thy nectar first,  
Would God that I had died ! ”

## THE MESSAGE

**W**HY did I waken suddenly?  
Did a star fall? Or, hark! . . .  
Did a bird call? Or did Hope  
Set a lamp in the dark  
To flame full into my eyes  
And signal,—“Awake! Arise!”

## THE ROSE

HE put her arms around Death's neck,  
And leaned upon his breast ;  
For life had not been kind to her,  
And it was sweet to rest.

“ Poor Heart,” Death murmured, bearing her  
Upon her lonely quest ;  
“ Whence came this red, red rose, whose thorn  
Has pierced thy bleeding breast ? ”

As up the amethystine deeps  
They mounted to the sun,  
She smiled into the eyes of Death :  
“ It is my love for one.

“ Has it a thorn ? And do I bleed ?  
I do not know or care ”  
(She smiled again); “ I only know  
That red, red rose is there.”

## THE WAYFARER



MET her in a dim sweet wood,  
She reached her lilyed arms to me ;  
Her eyes were like the stars that shine  
In a full midnight sea.

Her unbound hair held flecks of gold,  
Like sunlight trembling thro' the leaves ;  
Her voice was like the wind that steals  
Among the ripened sheaves.

Her breast was whiter than the snow  
New-fallen on some mountain height  
Where only snows on white snows fall,  
Silently day and night.

Her garment was of pearly stuff  
That fell about her thin and straight,

So thin her lovely limbs shone through,  
Soft, round, and delicate.

Her waist was circled, girdle-wise,  
With creamy lilies, yellow-tipped ;  
Her breath was as sweet as wall-flowers,  
And she was delicious-lipped.

“ I am that fair Desire,” said she,  
“ Whom, soon or late, each man must meet ”  
(She reached her lilied arms to me);  
“ Kiss me, my lips are sweet.”

I kissed her not ; I spoke no word ;  
The night was soft, the hour was late ;  
A maid so chaste and perfect must  
Be kept inviolate.

“ Kiss me, my lips are very sweet.” . . .  
I trembled, but I spoke no word.  
“ My arms are warm.” . . . I turned away,  
As if I had not heard.

“ My breath is sweeter than clove-pinks ;  
And if a kiss be long,” she said —  
I waited then to hear no more,  
But thro’ the forest fled.

She followed ; and I felt her breath  
Upon my neck, upon my cheek ;  
And heard her voice entreating me,  
But would not turn nor speak.

But when her steps fell faint and far  
Behind, so I could scarcely hear,  
And her insistent pleading fell  
No longer on my ear ;

Ah, then, with passionate longing torn,  
I trembling paused, and listening stood,  
To hear if she still followed me  
Thro’ that lone purple wood.

It seemed I heard the twinflower bells  
Announce the coming of her feet ;

The very perfume of the musk  
Thro' my full pulses beat.

The dogwood lit her silver stars  
To light her as she came;  
The broad reeds whispered; the brook tried  
To falter out her name.

Something went thro' me wild and sweet—  
All music, perfume, color, fire—  
Sought, found, and thrilled and filled my heart  
Full, full with white Desire.

(God witness!) Still I tried to turn,  
To flee ere it might be too late;  
Still said,—“A maid so perfect must  
Be kept inviolate.”

But once again I felt her breath  
Upon my brow, upon my cheek;  
Her sweetness shook me to the soul,  
I could not move nor speak.

## THE WAYFARER

I felt her arms about my neck,  
Her tender warmth within my breast ;  
And then her fragrant, trembling mouth  
Upon my own was pressed.

(God hear me !) Then I knew no more ;  
My very soul went from me — went  
To lose itself in the soul of her  
In swift, sweet ravishment.

\* \* \* \* \*

The years are long ; and many maids  
Have crossed my life, have touched my heart ;  
But in my mem'ry, pure and white,  
That one maid dwells apart.

Like some clear light that God has lit,  
She shines across my darkest night ;  
Let come the thought of her, and lo !  
My heart thrills with delight.

But I shall never see her more,  
Tho' I have sought her far and wide ;

She is gone utterly, as if  
At my embrace she died.

Can she be dead? That lily-maid?  
In dreams again I hear her call,  
And feel the perfume of her breath  
In petals round me fall.

And waking eagerly I lean  
To press my cheek deep in her hair,  
Or find the sweetness of her mouth —  
But lo, she is not there!

She is not there nor anywhere;  
I know that she will come no more;  
And yet I haunt the dim, sweet wood  
That lies along the shore,

And listen if I may not hear,  
As once I heard, her far, sweet call,  
Or on the beaten, yellow leaves  
Her coming footsteps fall.

## THE WAYFARER

Come other maids that bear her name,  
But touched not with her sacred fire ;  
She was the holiest of them all —  
My own soul's fair Desire !

Too fair for my rough touch, alas !  
I should have worshipped her afar ;  
Kissed her gown's hem ; and bid her guide  
My footsteps, like a star.

So fair was she that when the dusk  
Shakes loose the scent of musk and fir,  
Dearer than any living maid  
Is the memory of her.

## MARCH



EY, alder, hang thy tassels out  
This blue and golden morn ;  
And willow, show thy silver plush,  
Wild grape, thy scarlet thorn !

And velvet moss about the trees,  
Lift every russet cup ;  
The dew is coming down this way,  
With pearls to fill them up.

And birds, why tarry so a-South ?  
Spent is the bitter rain !  
With messages of love and cheer  
Come North, come North again.

## SURRENDER IN VICTORY

ORD, we have made an honest fight  
And won the victory ;  
We fought as men who love the right,  
Fiercely and fearlessly ;  
And now we turn aside and give  
Our trembling thanks to Thee.

Lord, it is not for us to drink  
The salt cup of defeat,  
And victory is glorious,  
And victory is sweet ;  
Yet still we bow our heads and lay  
Our laurels at Thy feet.

It is not for Americans  
To boast that they have slain  
The heroes who have fought and bled  
For their belovéd Spain ;

Nay,— help us to remember, Lord,  
That they have died in vain.

Not sweet can it be, Lord, to Thee,  
But grievous in Thy sight,  
For nations to rise up in wrath  
And man with man to fight,—  
Each thinking his the only truth,  
And his the only right.

But, Lord, the need was, and we fought  
Fiercely and fearlessly ;  
And still less sweet would it be now —  
More grievous — unto Thee  
For us to blow the trumpet loud  
In boastful jubilee.

So check the tumult of our joy,  
And hush the rising cheers ;  
We have the splendid victory,  
And they the blistering tears ;  
For us the laurel wreaths ; for them  
Defeat that burns and sears.

**SURRENDER IN VICTORY**

It is the time for thought ; the time  
For noble silence, Lord ;  
To-day the mourning-dove of peace  
Thro' all our land is heard ;  
To Thee alone Americans  
Kiss and give up the sword.

## THE STAR



LOOK across the waste of night ;  
My eyes swim deep in tears ; for there,  
Plain to my sight, tho' bleak and low,  
Lies the deep valley of Despair.

Must I, too, walk those bitter miles  
To that dark mire rimmed round with stones ?  
Must I leave bloodprints on the way,  
And lay my bones with those bleaching bones ?

I turn and lift my praying eyes  
To the far, sweet deeps of heliotrope,  
And lo ! a star is coming up —  
The beautiful God-sent star of Hope.

## IN WAKE-ROBIN LAND



HIS is the path to Wake-Robin Land,  
    Oh, come, my Dearest, and we will go,  
Like two little children, hand in hand—  
This is the path to Wake-Robin Land !  
The waves break silver along the sand,  
    The air is sweet and the tide is low—  
This is the path to Wake-Robin Land,  
    Oh, come, my Dearest, and we will go !

Love, let us tarry in Wake-Robin Land,  
    Alone with the bird-songs and blossoms and God ;  
'Tis even sweeter than we had planned —  
Love, let us tarry in Wake-Robin Land !  
Like two little children, hand in hand,  
    The sky our tent, and our pillow the sod —  
Love, let us tarry in Wake-Robin Land,  
    Alone with the bird-songs and blossoms and God.

## THE PATH OF GOLD



HE path of gold on the deep blue water  
Trembled across to our very feet,  
And oh, but the wood was pink with roses,  
And oh, but the birds sang loud, sang  
sweet !

The path of gold on the deep blue water  
Dimpled and sparkled that August night;  
We said,—“ It begins in love and roses,  
Ends only in heaven’s delight.”

## “THEN YOU’LL REMEMBER ME”



OU sang . . . The sad years fled like mist,  
The hills were green again,  
The lilies opened snow-white cups  
In every wood and glen.

You sang . . . The dark to sunlight turned,  
The skies were blue above,  
And every lark across the fields  
Took up the tune of love.

You sang . . . Our hearts were young again,  
Your notes dropped sweet and slow,  
And each remembered one whose name  
Must now be spoken low.

## THE ROSE OF DAY



HE day is opening like a rose,  
Petal on petal backward curled,  
Till all its beauty burns and glows,  
And all its fragrance is unfurled.

The day is dying like a rose,  
Soft leaf on leaf dropped down the sky  
To gulfs of beauty where repose  
The souls of exquisite things that die.

## A PARABLE



HE Night goes down as a new Day comes  
up,

The face of each lies at the mountain  
rim,

The whole wide beryl world apart ; the one  
Is flushed and proud — the other wan and dim.

So Old Age sinks to Life's low horizon,  
While in the east with eager, beating heart,  
Fair Youth comes boldly up. . . . They look across,  
Each at the other — a whole life apart !

## TO M. B.



T may be but a tender little rhyme  
About a cowslip or a violet  
That nestles by a brook, blue-eyed and  
wet ;  
A crimson rose in some far southern clime ;  
A laugh, a song, a merry Christmas chime  
Thrilled thro' and thro' with tears ; a pearl regret  
Within a chain of hope's bright rubies set,  
Or it may be a passion grand, sublime.

But, oh, whate'er it be, sweet singer, sing !  
As a glad lark across the reeded mere  
Sings for a lonelier one with broken wing,  
And lets his music swell with hope and cheer,  
Sing thou ! For in thy song one ever hears  
Faith and a tremulous laughter thro' thy tears.

## MY THOUGHTS ARE BIRDS

 MY thoughts are birds that haste away to  
thee,  
Winging the miles that hold us now  
apart,  
And then at night, worn out with ecstasy,  
Drift homeward to be hovered in my heart.

## TRIOLET

 DEAREST, thy heart beats on my heart,  
 Oh, speak and say it is not a dream !  
 Tho' we are these sea-blue miles apart,  
 Dearest, thy heart beats on my heart,  
 And all its wandering pulses start  
 To a thrill of hope and a bliss supreme.  
 Dearest, thy heart beats on my heart,  
 Oh, speak and say it is not a dream !

## LOVE LEARNS SLOWLY



OR just a few brief hours  
Her he forgot ;  
The waves of pain swam round her heart,  
The tears sprang quick and hot ;  
And he, amazed, beheld them fall,  
Love learns so slowly, after all !

Then — ah, the pity ! — straight  
She spake the bitter word,  
That hurt as she had little dreamed,  
When silently he heard ;  
Fate holds us ever in its thrall,  
And love learns slowly, after all.

## THE GUESTS OF THE HEART



AID Faith, "I've made you a visit,  
But now I must go."

She went with reluctant glances  
And footsteps slow.

She met at the very threshold  
Pale entering Doubt;  
"Are you coming in," she said,  
"As I go out?"

"We cannot visit together,"  
Doubt made reply;  
"The heart that bids me enter,  
Bids you good-by."

## “TO HER THE BLESSED SLEEP”



HE crocus cups had opened  
Their beauty to the sun,  
The hazels were outhanging  
Their tassels, one by one;  
The violets were blowing,  
The cold, dark days were done.

The meadow-larks were singing  
That February day,  
Their notes as clear and joyous  
As though the month were May,  
When we went, broken-hearted,  
To bear the child away.

So we shall always see her  
Among the blooms at rest,

The peace upon her forehead,  
The violets on her breast ;  
And hear about her singing  
The love-larks of the West.

Yea, tho' our hopes lie buried  
With her low, low and deep,  
This thought shall be our comfort  
The while we sit and weep :  
God gave to us the sorrow,  
To her the blessed sleep.

## APRIL



EY, pretty maid ! Whence comest thou .  
With violets linked about thy brow,  
And zone of buttercups' own gold ?  
The currant blossoms round thee fold  
Their delicate beauty, red and sweet,  
And star-flowers faint beneath thy feet.

Thou dear coquette ! A tear, a frown,  
Dark lashes drooping shyly down,  
To bid one hope the while he fears,  
Then sudden laughter thro' thy tears ;  
May all thy sweethearts now take care,  
And of thy ravishments beware.

See how the soft wind kisses thee,  
And how the rough wind misses thee,

And fruit trees blow and bend and sigh  
When thy glad feet come twinkling by ;  
And thou dost laugh thro' sparkling tears  
And kisses fling at hopes and fears.

Ah, May is fair, and June is sweet,  
And August comes with loitering feet ;  
July's the maid to lie and dream,  
Beside some blue and lilyed stream ;  
But April's sweetheart never yet  
Could her tear-mingled smiles forget.

## MIDWINTER DREAM



ID a robin call  
From the alder tall ?  
Oh, listen . . . Hush . . .  
Did I hear a thrush ?  
And the gray wood thro'  
Did I catch the blue  
Of a bluebird's wing  
As he paused to sing ?  
(Or do I dream ?)

Hark, hark ! Did I hear  
From the lonely mere  
That shrill note set  
In the flageolet  
Of the frog ? Did I hear,  
Sweet, fine, and clear,  
From the meadow . . . Hark ! . . .

The song of the lark ?  
(Or do I dream ?)

And trembling and high  
Did a voice go by,  
Sweet, lyrical, pure,  
With a thrill and a lure ?  
Did it rise and fall,  
Flutelike, and call,  
“ Oh, waken and sing,  
I am Spring, I am Spring ! ”  
(Or do I dream ?)

And straight did my heart  
From its doubting start  
To flower and sing  
At the will of spring ?  
And I — did I steal  
To the forest and kneel,  
Brow-bent, on the sod  
And give thanks to God ?  
(Or do I dream ?)

## THE BLUE SEA CALLS



HE days grow long and bright,  
Golden the sunlight falls,  
But, ah, my heart ! from dawn to night  
The blue sea calls.

The pure and nunlike hills,  
Where snow herself has trod,  
Thro' perfumed air that stirs and thrills,  
Kneel up to God.

The heights, sublime, afar,  
Have held me in their thrall,  
But 'neath the low, sweet evening star  
The blue waves call.

I climb with trembling heart,  
Irresolute and slow,

For, ever, that far human voice,  
Pleads from below.

Oh, calling waves, be still !  
Plead not, and let me go,  
That I may climb, like yonder hill,  
Up to God's snow.

## AFTER SUMMER DAYS



WEEPS the rain in a mist  
Of rose and amethyst,  
Up from the purple sea,  
Scented deliciously.

Trembles the wind's own lure,  
Pleading, passionate, pure,  
Touching the brow and the cheek  
With lips that quiver to speak.

Up from the pastures push  
The plumes of the steeple-bush,  
To wave and beckon and nod  
To the beautiful crimson-rod.

Comes the pale, delicate sheen  
Of the awakened green,

The moss to the shaded nook,  
The laugh to the throat of the brook.

Startles the emerald hush  
With exquisite notes the thrush,  
Liquid, rapturous, clear,  
Straight through the sunset — hear !

“ Beautiful, beautiful, sweet ” —  
Oh, hear the notes repeat !  
“ Beautiful, beautiful, sweet,  
Sweet — sweet — sweet ! ”

## LAURELS

“  H, tell me, Sweet, where the laurels grow,  
                  My heart is eager—I long to go.”  
 “ They grow on the mountain crest,”  
                  she said,

With trembling lips and drooping head;  
 “ But the thorns are deep and the way is steep,  
                  ‘Twere better to be content, love-led.”

But he kissed her lips and he left her there,  
 Oh, he kissed her lips and her golden hair;  
 “ I will pluck the laurels,” he said, “ my Sweet,  
                  And bring them to lay at my true love’s feet; ”  
 So he breathed a prayer and left her there,  
 And climbed the mountain, strong and fleet.

And the years fled by. With a happy song  
He gathered his laurels, proud and strong ;  
But when he brought them to crown his Sweet,  
There was only a grave at his restless feet ;  
And he would cast down his laurel crown  
Could he kiss her heart to a single beat.

## LOVE-SONG OF THE WANDERER



HRIST, I have come, and the way has been  
dreary,  
The stones of the mountain, the mire of  
the lea,  
My feet are bleeding, and I am aweary,  
Let me come back to thee !

Mine eyes were blinded, and I have been groping  
Far thro' the darkness ; yet pity thou me,  
For ever I have been struggling and hoping  
For the way back to thee.

Is it too late ? The creeds they were preaching  
Carried me on like the waves of a sea ;  
Let me come back to thy pure simple teaching,  
Let me come back to thee !

Lo, at thy door I am kneeling and pleading,  
Hearken, O Christ, to my passionate plea;  
I have come far, and my heart is a-bleeding,  
Let me come back to thee !

Let me come in. I will open thy casement  
And sing to the world of thy mercies that be ;  
Lift me, dear Christ, from my deep self-abasement,  
Let me come back to thee !

Gone is the darkness ; the dawn's palest glimmer  
Flashes its beryl above the dim sea ;  
Ere the smooth waves in the sunlight shall shimmer,  
Let me come back to thee !

All the night long while others were sleeping,  
No sleep or peace has there been for me ;  
I have been kneeling and praying and weeping,  
Only to come back to thee !

Let me come in. Ah, the way has been dreary,  
The stones of the mountain, the mire of the lea ;  
My heart is aching, and I am aweary,  
Longing to be with thee !

## ANNIE LISLE



All that long day of bitter pain  
The sun shone down the hill,  
Above whose crest continually,  
The clouds pushed, white and still.

But when the dove of twilight came,  
With murmurs soft and deep,  
To gather in her suffering ones  
And brood them all to sleep,

Oh, then I dreamed I was a child  
Upon my sister's breast,  
Without a longing or desire  
Save for that sheltered rest.

Oh, was it but a feverish dream  
Beneath the twilight's wing,

Or did I feel her tender arms,  
And did I hear her sing,

As in the old and innocent years,  
Hovered by twilight's dove,  
She used to sit and sing to me  
The plaintive song I love :

“ Wave, willow ; murmur, waters ;  
Gentle sunbeams, smile ;  
Earthly music cannot waken  
Lovely Annie Lisle.”

## THE NIGHTS OF JUNE

“  ID you see that ? ” said the rose  
To the moon ;  
“ No ; a cloud went over my face  
Too soon.”

“ What was it you saw ? ” to the rose  
Said the moon ;  
(The night was a night of delight ;  
The time — was June.)

The pink rose trembled and hung  
Her head ;  
“ I never could gossip of them,”  
She said.

“ But only watch,” said the rose  
To the moon,

“ When the cloud has gone by ! ” . . . The wind  
Hummed a tune.

“ God bless the cloud ! ” said the man  
To the maid,  
As they paused alone by the rose  
In the shade.

“ Oh, hush — here’s a rose,” cried the maid  
To the man ;  
“ It might see and hear ! Do you think  
It can ? ”

(Oh, the nights and the dear delights  
Of June ! )  
“ Did you see that ? ” called the rose  
To the moon.

## AT MIDNIGHT MASS

(She Kneels)



ORD, Lord, I cannot speak the prayer  
That aches within my heart,  
But oh, Thou knowest the agony  
From which these large tears start !

About me kneel the praying ones,  
The fervent, the devout ;  
Yea, from Thy mercy and Thy love  
I, only, am shut out !

Through trembling fingers, one by one,  
The consecrated beads  
Slip slowly, as the passion mounts  
From some poor heart that bleeds.

But since I cannot speak that prayer  
So even Thou mayest hear,  
Lord, Lord, wilt Thou not consecrate  
Each bitter, falling tear,

And set it in a rosary  
Of liquid, holy beads,  
So every one that falls may be  
A passionate cry that pleads ?

## THE SWEET, LOW SPEECH OF THE RAIN



T is pleasant to lie in the gloaming  
When the autumn is on the wane,  
And the careful, rejoicing reaper  
Has gathered and stored his grain,  
And hear at the doors and the windows  
The sweet, low speech of the rain.

To put by the thought of the sailor  
Far out on the storm-rocked main,  
Where the fierce waves leap and struggle  
Like beasts in passionate pain,  
And lie by the hearth and listen  
To the sweet, low speech of the rain.

Ah, May has the burst of the blossom,  
And the red of the willow vein,  
And the glad uplift of the flowers  
That lead in the fragrant train ;

But nothing so dear as the sweet, low  
Speech of the autumn rain.

July has the rose and the purple,  
And the sunset's golden stain  
On the river that draws thro' the valley  
A glittering, wave-linked chain ;  
But never this lyrical, tremulous,  
Sweet, low speech of the rain.

Each heart knows the joy of the winter,  
The drift of the snow on the plain,  
The book and the charm of the fireside,  
The icicles fringing the pane ;  
But ah, for the faltering, pausing,  
Sweet, low speech of the rain.

Old friends of my heart come to-morrow,  
Remembrance, Regret, and Pain,  
But to-night I will lie in the gloaming  
And be lulled by the lure of the rain —  
By the rhythmical, lyrical, rhyming,  
Sweet, low speech of the rain.

## THE HOUSE THAT ONCE WAS BLESSED OF THEE

S this the house that once was blessed of  
thee ?

I know the pattern of the papered walls,  
And how this window opens on the sea ;

Familiar is the shape of rooms and halls ;  
The latches to my touch yield readily ;

I know the gold that from the sunset falls  
Athwart the sunken floor ; and can it be

I know the bird of storm that shrilly calls  
From yonder crystal-beaded wave ? . . . Is this  
The porch where, on a perfume-shaken night,  
We watched the moon rise, languorous and white,  
Thro' purple passion stars of clematis —

When first I yielded to love's strong delight  
And trembled to thy arms, thy breast, thy kiss ?

## HIS STAR



HE ship swings out ; the Captain stands  
Straight and strong in his place ;  
There are glorious things to leave behind,  
More glorious ones to face ;  
His cheek is pale, his brow is calm,  
His lips are close and stern ;  
And in his eyes, like beacon lights,  
The fires of Courage burn.

“ Now Captain, steer thou carefully —  
Brave heart and steady hand ;  
Charybdis sly and Scylla bleak,  
Luring and threatening stand ! ”  
But answer makes he none ; his hold  
Is firm upon the helm,  
And not a sea that rocks the world  
That noble ship could whelm.

“ Captain, beware the rocks ! Beware !  
Steer for the open more ! ” . . .  
“ Nay, Captain, fierce the gale outside !  
Run closer to the shore ! ”  
Still, still they cry ; he answers not ;  
Heavy and dark the night ;  
But lo ! within the troubled East  
A star is rising bright.

“ Captain, I know the course ! Trust me,”  
One pilot makes appeal ;  
“ Nay, nay,” another boldly cries,  
“ Captain, give me the wheel ! ”  
The Captain neither heeds nor hears,  
His gaze is set afar,  
As bravely, calmly, dauntlessly,  
He follows one white star.

## “I AM SO SORRY”



CHILD came to her father yesterday,  
Wet-eyed and trembling-lipped, yet un-  
afraid,  
And pardon for some wrong deed sweetly  
prayed.

“I am so sorry,” low we heard her say;  
“Father, I did not mean to disobey.”

Quickly the sorrowful father bent and smiled,  
And drew her to his breast. Then, reconciled,  
The little girl went singing on her way.  
So, dearest Father, I — so old in years,  
And yet a child in that I blindly do  
Wrong deeds that hurt and grieve you every day,  
Come, unafraid, yet trembling and in tears . . .  
“I am so sorry I have troubled you,  
Father, I did not mean to disobey.”

## THE TREMBLING HEART



LIFT my head and walk my ways  
Before the world without a tear,  
And bravely unto those I meet  
I smile a message of good cheer ;  
I give my lips to laugh and song,  
And somehow get me through each day ;  
But oh, the tremble in my heart  
Since she has gone away !

Her feet had known the stinging thorns,  
Her eyes the blistering tears ;  
Bent were her shoulders with the weight  
And sorrow of the years ;  
The lines were deep upon her brow,  
Her hair was thin and gray ;  
And oh, the tremble in my heart  
Since she has gone away !

I am not sorry ; I am glad ;  
I would not have her here again ;  
God gave her strength life's bitter cup  
Unto the bitterest dreg to drain ;  
I will not have less strength than she,  
I proudly tread my stony way ;  
But oh, the tremble in my heart  
Since she has gone away !

## DAWN



HE soft-toned clock upon the stair chimed  
three —

Too sweet for sleep, too early yet to  
rise !

In raptured peace I lay with half-closed eyes  
Watching the tender hours go silently ;

The tide was coming in, I heard the sea

Shiver along the beach, while yet the skies  
Were faintly lavender, as the light that lies  
Beneath the fretwork of a wild rose tree

Within a thicket gray. The chanticleer  
Sent drowsy calls across the slumberous air ;

In this half-silence sweet it was to hear  
My own heart beat . . . Then broad and golden-fair,  
Trembling across the mountain and the plain,  
One radiant glow of dawn burst thro' my pane.

## THE MIRROR



THOUGHT I saw Deception in thine  
eyes ashine;  
Was it but her reflection imaged deep from  
mine?

## MOTHER'S PICTURE



LAUGHING, a child, she danced before it ;  
“ It’s mamma,” she shouted, “ why,  
don’t you see ? ”

I thought you would know the very first  
minute —

Why, every one says she looks like me ! ”

Smiling, a maiden, she stood before it ;  
“ It’s mamma,” she said, and her voice was low ;  
“ The eyes and the brow, and even the dimple,  
Are so like mine ; I thought you would know.”

Gravely, a woman, she stood before it ;  
“ It’s mother,” she said, and her words were slow ;  
“ The lines of care and the eyes of sorrow  
Are like my own ; I thought you would know.”

An old, old woman, she stood before it,  
Her step was feeble, her words were low ;  
“ Oh, mother,” she said, “ thou hast crossed the river,  
Thro’ the lone dark valley where I must go ;  
Hold close my hand for the way is so lonely ;  
Is my soul like thine ? And will they know ? ”

## THE DARKEST HOUR



HE darkest hour is just before the dawn ;  
Turn from the deep, black valley of  
Despair,  
And see the roses blooming every-  
where,  
In the lowliest spot as on the nurtured lawn.

There, shuddering in the wood the sweet-eyed fawn,  
Crouching until the storm has spent its force,  
Then with new courage leaping on its course ;  
So, when the darkest hour has passed, the dawn !

O Hope, thou shalt not die till life be gone !  
For he who fights, whatever fate befall,  
Let him be true, and he will conquer all ;  
The darkest hour is just before the dawn.

## SEPTEMBER



URPLE and gold and crimson,  
Lavender, rose, and green,  
With luminous rays of opal  
Trembling in between ;  
And gold dust sifted over all  
From heaven's curving screen.

## THE LITTLE CHILD THAT WENT AWAY

 HE little, little child that went away  
From us that loved him, us that miss  
him so —  
God, fold him warmly in thy tender arms  
These bitter nights beneath the snow.

Years pass us by ; sometimes we half forget  
The little lad who went so long ago ;  
But with the first sob of the winter's rain,  
And with the first fall of the snow,

Oh, then, oh, then we bow ourselves and weep,  
The old grief fresh ; it seems but yesterday  
We knelt in tears to kiss the little lad  
Good-by, and let him go away.

## THE LITTLE CHILD THAT WENT AWAY 77

The summer lures us ; lo ! the slender brook  
Winds thro' the valley, noted like a song ;  
When trees are budding and the flowers bloom,  
Oh, then we cannot sorrow long.

But when the winter huddles from the North,  
And drives the sudden snow across the plain,  
When long icicles fringe the eaves, and loud  
The wind is moaning at the pane,

We look thro' tears across the night and see  
The little grave so slender and so low. . . .  
God, fold him warmly in thy tender arms  
These bitter nights beneath the snow.

## REMEMBRANCE



THE hours of light grow longer,  
Briefer the hours of dusk,  
In marshes soon will open  
The green leaves of the musk.

The frog in cool wet hollows  
His notes will murmur long,  
The thrush thro' leafing branches  
Will pour his golden song.

The grass will spring and freshen  
The hillside as of old,  
And all the fields will yellow  
With dandelion's gold.

Yea, all the earth's rich places  
To sweet, new joys will start;  
But oh, the bleak and barren  
Waste places of the heart !

## THE BAD DANDELIONS



MILLION dandelions  
Came out one April day,  
And rambled up and down the hill  
To laugh and play.

They shook their golden tresses,  
And flung their kisses free,  
And flirted with the sun and wind  
Outrageously.

They were so much admired,  
They were so rich in gold,  
They flaunted up and down the hill,  
So proud and bold,

That the envious swamp-cabbage,  
That poor old "touch-me-not,"

So sour and discontented with  
Her lowly lot,

Held up a flaming candle,  
To peep and watch and spy,  
And all who understood her speech  
Could hear her cry : —

“ There’ll come a retribution,  
’Twill shock the very town ;  
Your pride will blow your boasted gold  
To common silver ‘down’ ! ”

But the saucy dandelions  
Fled laughing up the hill,  
And, it is said in Flower-Land,  
They’re laughing still.

## AN EASTER LOVE-SONG

(*He sings*)



EAREST, it is the Easter-time,  
The love-time of the year,  
And every little bird in rhyme  
Is telling far and near  
His passion to his listening mate . . .  
Shall I alone, then, fear ?

Nay . . . When the salmonberry shows  
Its crimson, veiny bells,  
And when the shadbush whitely blows  
In lonely forest dells,  
May I not tell my love in rhyme,  
As his the robin tells ?

When up the full veins of the pine  
The saps push lustily,

And blossoms star the twinflower vine  
    Around each mossy tree,  
And wandering silver seabirds mate  
    In hollows of the sea;

When the last fluffy snowbird goes  
    The way that winter went,  
And the thorn is scarlet on the rose,  
    And the willow's silver spent,  
And here and there and everywhere  
    Is blown the violet's scent,

Then haply may I courage take,  
    By love and hope made strong,  
And pray thee, dearest, to awake,  
    When the night is sweet and long,  
And whitely from thy casement lean,  
    To hear my trembling song.

## IN THE MARSH



KNOW a dim marsh place where tulés  
grow,  
And mosses cling about the water's  
edge ;

The tremulous borders deepen, sedge on sedge,  
And winds steal thro' them, murmurous and slow ;  
The dogwood's wingéd blossoms bend and glow  
Like falling stars above the luminous pool —

How soft they are ! How velvetlike and cool !  
Here noiseless serpents, sliding, come and go,  
Parting the grasses with a flash of gold.

The folded water lilies lie asleep,  
In shallow cradles, to the drowsy croon  
Of sensuous bees. It is the highest noon,  
Yet all so still the frogs with murmurings deep  
Make vocal marsh and wood and summer wold.

## OCTOBER



OCTOBER walks these beautiful days  
In a pale, pale lavender gown,  
Slashed with the russet of dying leaves  
And bordered with silver down.

Her head is bended, her bronzy hair  
Is wind-blown over her eyes,  
And the mantle twisted about her brow  
Is woven of rosy dyes.

Her lips are sad with a mute farewell,  
As she looks in the eyes of the year,  
As two that love, yet meet to part  
Without a word or a tear.

She carries an acorn rosary,  
And when each bead has been kissed,  
She draws her draperies round her,  
And vanishes thro' the mist.

## MIDNIGHT ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE



H, me ! I know how large and cool and  
white  
The moon lies on the brow of Sehome  
Hill,

And how the firs stand shadowy and still,  
Etched on that luminous background this soft night ;  
How the nighthawk sinks from his starry height,  
And breathes his one note, mournfully and shrill,  
And crickets clamor in the marsh until  
The dusk grows vocal with their deep delight.

City, a lifetime spent in thee were not  
Worth one night in my western solitude !  
Thy pulse is feverish, thy blood is hot,  
Thine arteries throb with passion heavily ;  
But oh, how sweet I hear, in interlude,  
The beating, moon-lured tides of Puget Sea.

## NOVEMBER

 Now comes that marvellous splendor of the air

That brings a sudden glow to languid eyes,

And that rich topaz flushing of the skies  
That sets dull pulses thrilling. Wide and bare  
Lie the shorn hop fields ; and the pink mists loom  
Upon the swelling bosom of the sea,  
Till touched with sunset's luminous mystery  
They seem far fields of oleander bloom.

At dark the Fog arises, pale and still,  
And spreads her draperies, glistening and white,  
Upon the shivering body of the night,  
But draws them back at dawn about the hill ;  
While pushes upward through the silver hush  
The enraptured lyric of the sunrise thrush.

## THE LITTLE WAVE-MAIDENS



THE little waves came stepping  
And courtesying up the sand,  
Like bashful maidens holding  
Each other by the hand.

They wore deep azure dresses,  
And ribbons in their curls,  
And every neck was circled  
With tiny, precious pearls.

All day they played and chattered,  
With laughter sweet and low;  
But when the sunset beckoned,  
They all made haste to go.

“Now fare-thee-well, we’re going,”  
They sweetly called to me,

And hand in hand went singing  
Back to the purple sea.

But all across the acres  
Of tidelands brown and bare,  
They dropped the pale blue ribbons  
Out of their wind-blown hair.

## BURIAL

 SHES to ashes and dust to dust,”  
 We laid our love away ;  
 For who would keep a thing that could  
 Not bear the light of day ?

But when the little grave was made,  
 And headed with a stone,  
 God knows the tears that we two shed,  
 Each in his heart, alone.

## A MOOD

 T must be sweet to be a dog ;  
 To have no longing, no desire,  
 For aught save food, the sun and wind,  
 The cheerful fire.

To love one master, serve him well ;  
 Be kicked, abused, left bleeding, sore ;  
 Then at his call to leap for joy,  
 And love him more !

To eat crumbs, and be satisfied ;  
 To lie and moan outside his door,  
 In torment till he open it,  
 Then, love him more !

To tremble at his slightest frown ;  
 To shiver for pardon at his feet ;  
 Forgiven, to thrill with ecstasy ;  
 It must be sweet !

## THE VISION



THE gay room fades . . . I see a little child  
Kneel in the purple gloaming by her bed,  
The moon's pale kisses trembling on her  
head.

How pure she is, how white and undefiled !  
I hear her breathe, " Our Father," soft and low ;  
I see the rapt look in her lifted eyes ;  
(Ah, me ! What would the old in creeds and wise  
Not yield that raptured confidence to know ! )  
" Lead us not into " . . . " Hallowed be thy name " . . .  
The hurt comes to the throat ; and to the heart  
The bitter ache for all the wasted years.  
This little kneeling child, is she the same  
That once I knew ? The sudden, blinding smart  
Springs to my eyes. . . . The vision blurs in  
tears.

## FORGET-ME-NOTS



LITTLE cloud of blue came out  
And settled on the sod ;  
And one cried, " Oh, forget-me-nots ! "  
One bowed and murmured, " God."

## THE CALL IN THE DARK



VOICE went by in the dark  
Crying, "Follow, follow me!"  
I strained my eyes, but alas!  
I could not see.

But the voice plead in the dark,  
"Thou knewest me in thy youth,  
Hast thou forgotten me now?  
My name is Truth."

## THE OPAL-SEA



REAT wave on wave of rosy-misted gold,  
Outstretched beneath an opalescent sky,  
Wherein soft tints with glowing splen-  
dors vie ;

From far dim ocean distances are rolled  
Sweet perfumes by the sea-wind strong and cold ;  
Here white sails gleam and light cloud-shadows lie,  
And isles are kissed by winds that wanton by,  
Or rocked by storms in unchecked passion bold.

Locked in by swelling, fir-clad hills it lies  
One sweep of undulating gold ; serene,  
It shines and reaches under sunset skies ;  
The chaste Olympics pearl the space between  
Till, burning in that splendid fire, they make  
Fit setting for this peerless ocean-lake.

## THANKSGIVING

“ **W**HAT does this woman thank God for ? ”  
The other women said,  
Looking on one who knelt apart  
With lifted head.

“ What is this marvellous ecstasy  
That shines within her eyes ?  
Has she more rapturous joy than we ?  
Is she more wise ? ”

The woman heeded not ; she kissed  
The beads of her rosary ;  
And last she kissed the cross, and said,  
“ God, I thank Thee ! ”

“ None knoweth why I thank Thee, God,  
Save Thou — Thou who art wise ! ” . . .  
The light grew on her face ; she smiled  
Into God’s eyes.

## RICHES



HE far sweet rosy distances,  
The snow peaks lone and high,  
The sweep of softer hill, the firs  
That climb and touch the sky ;

The rippling laughter of a brook,  
A flower-scented rain,  
A drench of liquid gold let loose  
At sunset on my pane ;

The purple splendor of the night  
Wherein Orion's three  
Flash constant messages ; the frog  
That murmurs to the lea ;

The wash of waves, the song of birds,  
The red fall of a star,  
The pale green mist upon the sea,—  
These all my riches are.

## UP, MY HEART, AND SING



HE dark, dark night is gone,  
The lark is on the wing,  
From bleak and barren fields he soars,  
Eternal hope to sing.

And shall I be less brave  
Than yon sweet lyric thing ?  
From deeps of failure and despair,  
Up, up, my heart, and sing !

The dark, dark year is gone ;  
The red blood of the spring  
Will quicken Nature's pulses soon,  
So up, my heart, and sing !

## A THRENODY



HE golden days are waning,  
And far away the skies are gray,  
To-morrow it may be raining.  
*(Sing, bird in the alder!)*

The night comes soon and dreary ;  
Above the town the hills are brown,  
And the heart is lone and weary.  
*(Sing, bird in the alder!)*

Ah, me, but the hours are lonely !  
I bow and weep . . . Awake, asleep,  
I want thee and thee only.  
*(Sing, bird in the alder!)*

## THE FOG HORNS

(*He speaks*)



HE fog broods on the city white and chill,  
Its tiny needles stinging keen like hail ;  
Across the sea, beyond the barren hill,  
Continually the fog horns shrill and wail.

A tree climbs like a ghost from out the gloom,  
Groping for sunlight with bare, skeleton hands ;  
And underneath, the fires of death and doom  
Within her eyes, a gray-faced woman stands.

O my belovéd ! in this strange, north place  
Rush back old days that are forever new !  
These shrill fog horns and this poor, haggard face  
Remind by contrast of the June and you.

## LOVE, THE FIREFLY

TILL, still I see the fireflies  
Wandering thro' the dusk,  
And the music falls about us,  
Like petals of rich musk.

“ Ah, love is but a firefly,”  
The voice of the viol plead;  
“ A scarlet, wandering firefly,  
By every fancy led.”

## “THE PALE GREEN ALDER-WAY”



AH, May comes merrily o'er the hill  
And passes with twinkling feet,  
With invitation in beck and glance,  
And lure in her laughter sweet ;  
But I look down the pale green alder-way,  
And “ He never will come again,” I say.

At morn the red-vested robin calls  
His love to his shy brown mate,  
And half forgetting, I thrill to hear  
The speech of the little gate ;  
Then I look down the pale green alder-way,  
And “ He never will come again,” I say.

And when the hush of the golden noon  
Swims up to the deep blue sky,

My poor heart leaps with the old delight  
If only a step comes nigh ;  
But I look down the pale green alder-way,  
And " He never will come again," I say.

When evening purples the distant hills,  
And none but the stars may see,  
I kneel me here, while the hours go by,  
Slowly and silently,  
And " Ah, up the pale green alder-way  
If he only might come again ! " I pray.

O pipes of summer and flutes of spring !  
O bird and blossom and brook !  
My heart responds to thy lure and call,  
Then sadly I turn and look  
Down the path where the pale green alders grow,  
For he never will come again, I know.

## BETROTHAL

ONG had we pleasant comrades been,  
And loved each other well;  
Yet never had a traitor glance  
The secret dared to tell.

And when that first sweet night we stood—  
That rose-sweet night in June—  
Alone, and watched the herald clouds  
Outride the languid moon,

Yea, even then we did not guess,  
But stood entranced, apart,  
Until the silence suddenly  
Beat with God's mighty heart.

And then — we know not how it was —  
We trembled, each to each,  
And kissed, . . . and all our pulses thrilled  
Too holily for speech.

## THE CHILDLESS MOTHER'S LULLABY



H, many's the time in the evening  
When the light has fled over the sea,  
That I dream alone in the gloaming  
Of the joys that are not for me;  
And oft in my sorrowful bosom  
Swells up the mother-love flame,  
And I clasp with arms that are trembling  
My child that never came;  
Singing, — “*Hush thee — hush thee — hush-a-by, darling,*  
*Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,*  
*Oh, hush thee — hush thee — hush-a-by, darling,*  
*Tenderest angels will guard thy rest.*”

The candles far down in the city  
Shine out thro' the purplish gray,  
And the stars come out in the heavens  
And glimmer across the bay;

The murmuring waves steal homeward  
From the ocean's larger blue,  
As I dream alone in the gloaming  
Of the child that I never knew ;  
Singing,—“ *Hush thee—hush thee—bush-a-by, darling,*  
*Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,*  
*Ob, hush thee—hush thee—bush-a-by, darling,*  
*Tenderest angels will guard thy rest.*”

Oh, the little warm cheek in my bosom,  
Oh, the little wet lips at the breast,  
Oh, the clinging, wee, satiny fingers  
To my longing lips that are pressed !  
There was never a song that was sweeter,  
Tho' its singer be laurelled with fame,  
Than the song that I sing in the gloaming  
To the child that never came :  
“ *Ob, hush thee—hush thee—bush-a-by, darling,*  
*Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,*  
*Ob, hush thee—hush thee—bush-a-by, darling,*  
*Tenderest angels will guard thy rest.*”

The hours swim on to the midnight,  
The moon looks over the hill,  
And the u-lu-lu of the night owl  
Sinks mournfully and shrill;  
The solitude aches with rapture,  
And my heart with the mother-love flame,  
As I sing alone in the gloaming  
To the child that never came:  
“*Ob, bush thee — bush thee — bush-a-by, darling,*  
*Nestle thee deeper in mother’s breast,*  
*Ob, bush thee — bush thee — bush-a-by, darling,*  
*Tenderest angels will guard thy rest.*”

## BLOOM-TIME



HE silver buds are on the fir,  
The sweet is on the balm,  
The orchards blossom white and slow,  
And thro' the scented calm  
The wild thrush-poet lifts to God  
His pure and lyric psalm.

The dogwood hangs her velvet stars  
The alder deeps within,  
A brook draws down the forest ways  
Its laughter, sweet and thin,  
And woodland minstrels blithely play  
Flute, pipe, and violin.

It is the perfect blossom time,  
The bloom of heart and year,  
The earth aches with its rapture song,  
The wind-bells sweet and clear  
Ring one low word that every heart  
Throbs full and strong to hear.

## JUNE RAIN

UNE,

 And a new moon  
Flying the west, like a golden dove,  
Thro' the clouds that swim,  
Wraithlike and dim,  
The sleeping amethyst sea above ;  
The deep red rose  
Thro' the dusk that glows,  
With tremulous petals wide outspread,  
And shakes perfume  
Thro' the unlit room,  
Where Sorrow sits with drooping head ;  
The pale soft kiss  
Of the clematis  
On the pane . . . Later, the rain ;  
Musical, light,

Thro' the long, sweet night,  
The sorrow-hushing rain !  
Oh, heart that aches,  
And heart that breaks,  
And heart that is torn with wild regret,  
Take cheer again  
In thy bitter pain,  
There is hope for the sorriest hearted yet;  
While speaks the rain  
At the door and pane,  
And to passionate plaining murmurs,—“ Hush ! ”  
While its soft notes sigh  
Like a lullaby  
“ Hush thee, hush thee — hush — hush ! ”

## THE SAILOR'S SWEETHEART

“*SWEETHEART, Sweetheart, Sweetheart !*”



Calleth the meadow-lark  
Thro' the rose of dawn to me  
Dreaming beside the sea ;  
    Oh, listen — oh, hark !  
How joyously, liquidly clear  
Over the meadows, I hear, —  
“*Sweetheart, Sweetheart, Sweetheart !*”

And I think of my dearest across the sea,  
The blue, blue sea that holds us apart ;  
It is his own voice that calls to me  
    In the voice of the lark, —  
“*Sweetheart, Sweetheart !*”

“*Sadheart, Sadheart, Sadheart !*”

Calleth the meadow-lark

Thro' the gray of dawn to me  
Grieving beside the sea;  
    Oh, listen — oh, hark !  
How tenderly, mournfully clear,  
Over the meadows, I hear,—  
    “ *Sadheart, Sadheart, Sadheart !* ”

And I think of my dearest beneath the sea,  
    The sea that holds us forever apart ;  
It is his own voice that grieves to me  
    In the voice of the lark,—  
    “ *Sadheart, Sadheart !* ”

## THE STILL WILLAMETTE RIVER



H, would that we might hear again  
The balm leaves faintly shiver,  
As on that night we drifted down  
The still Willamette River !

The lilies rocked upon the waves,  
The fragrant trees leaned over,  
The happy winds blew sweet, blew low,  
Along the banks of clover.

The river moved as if asleep,  
The stars slipped down and sparkled  
About us, while our idle oars  
Scarce touched the waves that darkled ;  
The fireflies upon the bank  
Set all their lamps a-glowing,  
And when we passed a dogwood tree,  
Its pale soft blooms were snowing.

Those scented flakes of summer snow  
Fell to the cool dark water,  
The while a thrush sang clear and low  
Love notes her mate had taught her;  
In far-off marshy fields we heard  
The crickets shrilly fluting,  
And on the narrow bending reeds  
The low-lipped waters luting.

Ah, then, we almost heard the sea,  
We felt its restless beating,  
And oh, your tender eyes grew sad  
With every moment fleeting;  
Into the sky we saw one flush  
Of crimson dawnlight quiver,  
The last star fell to fade and die  
In the Willamette River.

Ah, would that we might hear again  
The balm leaves faintly shiver,  
Where, glimmering, darkling, to the sea,  
The waves flow on forever;

And would that we might drift to-night  
Where bright stars fall and quiver,  
And folded lilies lie asleep  
On the Willamette River.

## THE WATCHWORD OF THE STARS



NIGHT — and the cool soft air  
And the murmurous sleep of the sea ;  
And moving up the purple East  
Orion's splendid three.

Night — and the silentness,  
And the shadow-brooding lea ;  
And moving thro' the mellow South  
Orion's constant three.

Night — and the loneliness,  
And the eyes that wake and weep ;  
But calm and patient in the West  
The stars that never sleep.

What is your watchword, stars ?  
Tell me, Orion's three !  
What is your message ? . . . Love,  
Patience and Constancy ?

## ADORATION

PRING up the East, O sun,  
O mist, forsake the sea !  
Shine, fir trees, every one,  
With sudden radiancy !

Ye meadow-larks, sing clear,  
Across the rippled mere,  
And thro' thy golden-noted song shake all thine  
ecstasy.

Break, clouds, and whitely drift,  
Blow, shadbush, by the creek ;  
Wild currant blossom, lift  
Thy soft and crimson cheek ;  
In places dark and damp,  
Oh, light thy yellow lamp,  
Thou faithful dandelion, like a virgin pure and  
meek.

Leap down thy pebbly bed,  
Thou wild, sweet, singing stream ;  
Pale lily, rear thy head  
From adoration's dream,  
And in thy perfect cup  
Burn all thy perfume up,  
And lift its incense unto God in ravishment  
supreme.

The long, dark night is gone ;  
Awake, O Earth, awake !  
Behold the splendid dawn  
Above the mountains break.  
The golds and crimsons run,  
Like heralds of the sun,  
To blow long bugle-rays of light to valley, sea, and  
lake.

Yea, forest, hill, and sea,  
With rapturous passion ring ;  
Then, oh, thou soul of me,  
Awake, arise, and sing !

These notes the larks upraise  
Mount clear and high in praise ;  
Then, oh, my soul, awake and soar to heaven's  
gate and sing !

## THE LADY OF POPPIES



EAR Lady of Poppies, take my hand,  
And lead me down to the Opal Sea,  
Where lolls a boat on the languid tide,  
The lifting, lilting, loitering tide,  
Waiting for thee and me.

Dear Lady of Poppies, loose the sail,  
Our course to the purple West is set,  
And we are off for the beautiful isle,  
The dreamy, mystical, marvellous isle,  
Where the sorrowful go to forget.

Dear Lady of Poppies, the wind is fair,  
The beryl water is cool and deep,  
And this boat that silverly rises and falls,  
That rocks and trembles and lifts and falls,  
Surely its name is Sleep !

And far away, thro' the purple mist,  
The pearly shore of an island gleams,  
Of an island kissed by the lips of the sea,  
By the cool, soft, pleading lips of the sea,  
The mystical island of Dreams.

## UNDAUNTED



HERE is a wind comes at the midnight  
hour  
Down this bleak canyon deep within  
the hills,

So wild, so weird, so strong, it stirs and thrills  
My soul, till it is like a shaken flower,  
Close-nunneried in some dim old forest bower,  
That pulls at its earth-roots to leap and go  
Out on the mighty air-tide's ebb and flow—  
What time the heavy rain clouds darkling lower.

Ah, to ride out on such a wind as this,  
Gripped to Death's breast, upon his pallid steed,  
Without an instant's warning or farewell!  
To press his lips in one long dauntless kiss,  
And shudder not in any coward creed,  
But face what I deserve, be it heaven or hell.



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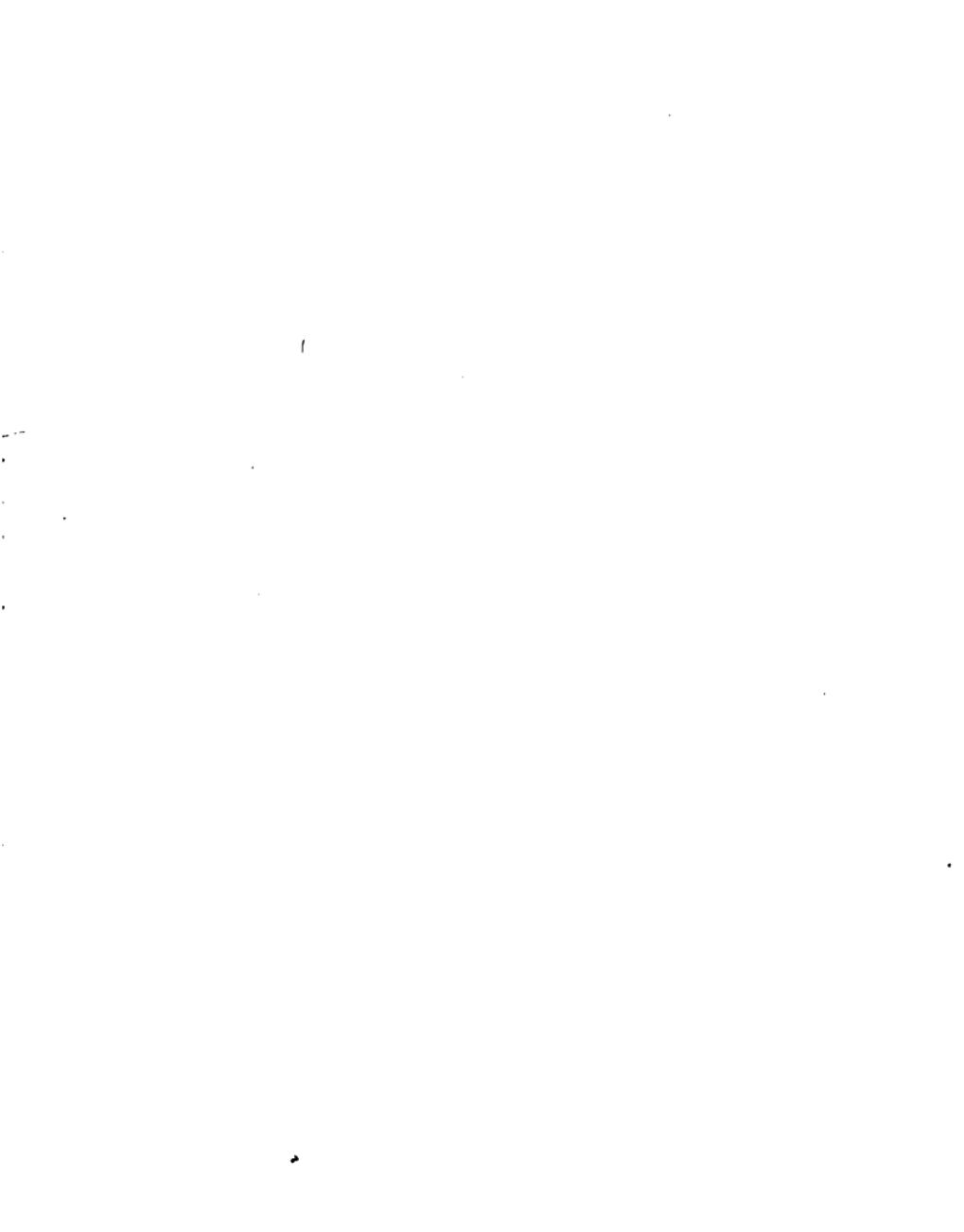
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